"Occurrence at East Aspetuck Bridge"

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Occurrence at East Aspetuck Bridge

Act 5, Scene I from my play

Scene: 9 male campers marching on road into town. Left to right; Bob, Carl, Peter, Mike, Ed, Kenny, Short Fat Kid, Short Skinny Kid. Ninth member, very large, Chipper, leads procession, often walking backwards when talking. Everyone happy.

CHIPPER: What we need is a flag
SHORT FAT KID (ripping branch off tree, very leafy): Here's one!
ED (jokingly): That's really great!
(Boys assume single file formation as occasional cars pass)
MIKE (also very large): You guys, we're a regular gang!
BOB (not so large): Let's mug a hick!
CHIPPER: Cool it, guys. We don't want trouble.

(Individual irrelevant conversations occur.
CARL: I didn't expect the camp truck to drive so many of us down that road.
PETER: They've got to if they expect us to come back to camp next year. What do you think we come here for?)

CHIPPER: Get on the grass. Some greaser's tipping by in his car.
MIKE: Look at him burn!
BOB: What a hopped up car!
CARL: What a redneck.
ED: Look at that muscle shirt!
PETER: Look at those muscles!

(Kenny arranges his hand in a formation that insults the greeser. Traveling at eighty miles an hour the brakes screech on.)

CHIPPER: Cheese! (He gallops over fence alongside road into pricklers, followed by everyone else.)
MIKE: He got out!
BOB: Dive!
PETER: Not on me!
BOB: Sorry. Hey Carl, don't jump on...

(Conversation continues along these lines, as the entire group of nine bursts through woods, ignoring obstacles of swamps, pricklers, trees, wild dogs, snakes, private property, quicksand, etc., when all of a sudden-)

Scene: Ed and Carl sitting on a log; all dialogue occurs off

stage. They listen, admidst their injuries.

PETER: I'm all cut up!
MIKE: I think he had a gun.
SHORT FAT KID: Should I make another flag?
SHORT SKINNY KID: Where are we?
BOB: Where are you? I'm treating Kenny for snake bite.
PETER: Shouldn't we give him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation first?
BOB: Later. Where's Chipper?
CHIPPER (gurgling): I'm in a swamp. Is it safe to come up for air?
PETER: Not yet. Where're Ed and Carl?
SHORT SKINNY KID: I think they got caught in the quicksand.
BOB: Either that or the greaser.
CHIPPER (gurgling): I can't hold my breath much longer.
MIKE: Short Fat Kid, better lower your flag to half-mast. Poor Ed and Carl....
PETER: And soon Chipper....
BOB: I'll always wonder..Was it worth all this?
MIKE: I hear death at the hands of a greaser is the worst way to go.
BOB: Yea, I guess it was.

(Ed and Carl look at each other sadly. Begin to rise)

CARL: Should we tell them?
ED: Never. We owe them that much.

(Scene fades as the two pass by a muscular man with greased hair and sleeveless undershirt, busy pumping up a tire discovered to be flat.....)

-Jonathan Steinoff